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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1792, and is now in its hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with over three thousand copies daily it is the best printed in the English language. It is a free weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting news—editorial, state and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable features and departments, benefiting so many business men and other states. The United States advertising is very valuable to our position.

Telese: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies may be obtained at the office of the Mercury and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

Malbone Lodge, No. 44, N. F. O. P.; Vinton H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Godard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Friday evening in each month.

The Newport Horticultural Society, Richardson, President; Thomas Clapp, Vice-Chairman; meetings 3d Wednesday evening of each month.

Redwood Lodge, No. 44, K. of P.; Judge F. Barnard, Chancellor Commander; Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meet every Friday evening.

Davis Division, No. 8, U. D. R. of P.; Phil Knight Captain; George A. Wilcox, First Lieutenant; meetings first Friday evening in each month.

Newport Camp, No. 767, M. W. A. V. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles B. Peeler, Clerk, Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings in each month.

Local Matters.

Natural History Society.

Last Monday evening, the 30th December, this society held one of its regular meetings in the Museum at 8 o'clock. The President of the Society, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, announced the election of Mr. Herman B. Kraft as the new Secretary, in lieu of Mr. Amory Austin, resigned on account of his being obliged to spend the winter in Boston.

The evening was most pleasantly spent in listening to a very charming "Talk," or give voice lecture by the Rev. Eberly H. Porter on a recent trip he had made to California. The scenery, natural products and geological features on the route were described; and interesting details were given of the ostrich farms in California, of the large fruit farms, and of the marine wonders to be seen on the floor of the Pacific ocean through a glass-bottomed boat. Mr. J. M. K. Southwick, "an old-timer" to California in the gold digging period, gave some most interesting reminiscences of his experiences in that country. Captain Cotton also spoke. Mr. Porter's narrative was listened to by a large and very attentive audience.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Mahlon Van Horne.

Mrs. Rachel Anne Van Horne, wife of Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, United States consul at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, died at her home in this city on Sunday after a long illness. She had resided here for about thirty years and was well and favorably known among the colored residents of the city. She formerly took an active part in the work of the Union Congregational church of which her husband was pastor for many years. Lately her illness had prevented active participation in the affairs to which she took an interest.

Her husband, two sons, two daughters and her mother, 95 years of age, survive her. Of the sons, Dr. M. Alonzo Van Horne is a successful dentist in this city, and Mahlon Van Horne, Jr., is with his father in St. Thomas. One daughter, Mrs. Florence Miller, resides in Galveston, Texas, and the other, Miss Laura Van Horne, lives in this city.

Funeral services were held at her late residence on John street Tuesday afternoon, and were largely attended. Rev. Byron Guiney, pastor of the Union Congregational church, officiated, assisted by Rev. H. N. Jeter of the Shiloh Baptist, Rev. E. Richardson of the Mt. Olivet Baptist, and Rev. Israel Derrick of the Mt. Zion A. M. E. church. The bearers were: Peter W. Townsend, Daniel A. Smith, Jefferson Morrow, William F. Robinson, George A. Rice, and Dennis Owen.

Mr. William C. Cozzens, Jr., has purchased the stock of the firm of William C. Cozzens & Co., and will continue the business at 138 Thames street, carrying a full line of carpets, rugs and wall papers. Mr. Cozzens was for several years associated in business with his father and is thoroughly acquainted with the details of the business.

Edward Barry, a private in the U. S. Artillery, has been sentenced to 30 days in the Providence county jail for the larceny of a ring from E. J. Timberlake at Fort Greble. Barry was very cleverly captured on Franklin street by Officer McLaughlin while trying to pawn the ring.

Mr. Herman Frederick Kraft has been elected secretary of the Natural History Society for the unexpired term of Mr. Amory Austin. Mr. Austin's removal to Boston necessitated his resignation of the office of secretary.

Congressman Melville Bull has introduced a bill in the house of representatives for the construction of a steam revenue cutter, with headquarters at Newport.

While playing near the Lily pond, on Sunday, James Tucker, son of Elmer Tucker, foreman at Bowen's wharf, fell and broke his arm in two places.

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Public Installation.

The Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and the Woman's Relief Corps held their joint installation Wednesday evening in the Post Hall, a very large attendance being present. Comrade Bailey installed the officers of Charles E. Lawton Post and then followed the installation of the officers of the Woman's Relief Corps, the installing officer being Mrs. Hattie Ford, Junior Vice Department President of the Abolition Corps of Providence. They were as follows: President, Mrs. Jane T. Lee; Senior Vice President, Mrs. Fannie Lawton; Junior Vice President, Mrs. Susan Simmons; Secretary, Mrs. Sarah Bush; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Hamilton; Chaplain, Mrs. Mary J. Dean; Conductor, Mrs. Phoebe Scott; Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Clara Lake; Guard, Mrs. Sarah McIntosh; Assistant Guard, Mrs. Ella Dunbar; Color Bearer, No. 1, Mrs. Ellen Bush; No. 2, Miss Grace Ross; No. 3, Mrs. Alzada Sleeper; No. 4, Miss Viola Andrews.

A pleasing programme followed, consisting of piano duets by the Misses Rosa Arnold and Lulu Blair and the Misses Clara Freeborn and Myrtle Young; piano solo, Miss Arnold; instrumental duet, Mr. Clarke and Miss Clark; recitations, Mrs. George Frye and Mrs. Ford; vocal solo, Mr. Philpot. Mrs. Clara Lake acted as master of ceremonies while the programme was in order and after the numbers mentioned had been rendered she announced that the last number was vocal duet by Mrs. Phoebe Scott and Mrs. Ella Dunbar, but the latter was not to be found at that moment so the number had to be omitted. Comrades William S. Bidley and Overton B. Langley were called upon and each responded in a very pleasing manner. Comrade Pritchard was asked to favor the audience with a song, but he said he had not come prepared to take part in the exercises and begged to be excused, for he was thoroughly enjoying the evening's programme.

Mrs. Bordeloop of the excellent standing of the Corps, and her visit was thoroughly enjoyed by both the organizations, as she is always a welcome visitor, being a particularly bright and active woman and well suited to her vocation. Her recitations were a feature of the evening.

Refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, hot coffee and cake.

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The Aged Dead.

Long List of Venerable Persons who Passed Away During the Year.

During the year just completed death made deep inroads into the ranks of Newport citizens, taking away some of the most prominent business men as well as others who had endeared themselves to the community. Many of our leading citizens have died during the year.

The average age of deaths during the year has been high, during one month having been 61, much above the usual average. Many residents who had reached a ripe old age have passed away, there being 70 persons who have died at the age of 70 or over. Of these the oldest was Margaret Driscoll, who had nearly completed a century of life.

The names of those who died after reaching the age of three score and ten is as follows:

Benton Davis 70
Maria A. Childs 70
Mary Marsh 70
Catharine Doherty 70
Mary Cavanagh 70
Matthew Gilliom 70
Ellen Cradwell 71
Rebecca J. Knapp 71
Johanna Shea 72
Ann Wolden 72
Euphemia J. Fox 72
William A. Watson 72
Lamia Murch 72
Mary Twomey 72
Harriet W. Simmonds 72
Hannah Lucy 72
George W. Moulton 73
Fannie B. Wilcox 73
Samuel C. Taylor 73
Abby L. Sherman 73
Joshua C. Brown 73
Thomas Stevens 73
Ann Murray 73
Henry C. Burdick 73
Sarah J. Stevens 73
George Shatto 73
Thomas Breece 74
Mary E. Bennett 74
Theodore R. Helme 74
Mary M. Cushing 75
William Hinckley 75
Ann Gilroy 75
Rose Givens 75
Rosanna D. F. Weysser 76
John M. Willey 76
Miry E. Lee 76
Eliza MacEachern 76
Michael Hayes 77
George L. Lloyd 77
Lilias W. Sheldon 77
Timothy B. Buckley 77
Julia Sullivan 78
Jane A. T. Lull 78
Phoebe Hazard 78
Rachel Martin 78
Isabel Brown 78
Frances Fowler 78
David P. Allro 78
Eliza Asher 78
Mary B. Cozzens 78
Rebecca R. Jacques 78
Hannah S. Ward 78
John H. Cozzens 78
Charles Becker 78
Robert D. Coggeshall 78
Adeline H. Pike 78
Daniel E. Sullivan 78
Margaret Walsh 78
George H. Hazard 78
George Hamilton 78
Mary Fitzgerald 78
Wealthy A. Downing 78
Sarah Hull 78
Mary E. Dillingham 78
Mary T. Lutts 78
Rebecca A. Comstock 78
John H. Schneider 78
Sarah Pitman 78
Daniel E. Murphy 78
Jeremy Titus 78
Stephen D. Tidball 78
Ellia A. Corliss 78
Katherine H. Read 78
Sophia B. Turner 78
Edmund Tweedy 78
Margaret J. Palmer 78
Thomas Record 78
Catherine Read 78
Margaret Driscoll 78

A communication from the police commission stated that the police relief fund was now large enough to support two additional officers and recommended that the ordinance be amended to admit six men to the retired list. The amendment was adopted.

A resolution was passed making an appropriation of \$160 for the purpose of paying each Republican and Democratic warden and clerk \$2.50 each for each night of service. A report was received from the committee on streets and highways stating that it would cost \$14,000 to pave Spring street from Bull to Franklin with granite blocks or bricks. On recommendation of the committee on paving, reporting the bids received for paving the revised ordinances, it was voted to make the number of copies of the book 1500 instead of 2500. On recommendation of the committee on ordinances the new rules of order were adopted.

The committee on ordinances also reported substitute ordinances for those recommended by the board of health. Both were laid on the table. The first provided that the sanitary Inspector and assistant sanitary Inspector must be electors of the city of Newport and be nominated by the board of health and be elected by the city council in joint convention; they will be under the direction of the board of health. The second ordinance was a long one relating to the examination of practical plumbers and the giving of bond for proper performance of work.

Several petitioners for rebate of taxes were given leave to withdraw. The tax collector was authorized to discharge from his books uncollectible taxes on personal property amounting to \$283.80 and to charge certain taxes against the estate. A gas light was ordered placed on Duke street. A resolution was passed appointing Alderman O'Neill and Councilman Groll and Milne a committee to arrange for the inauguration of the new city government. A petition was received from Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, with about 600 signatures, asking that Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur be retained as keeper and matron of the city asylum.

The report of the clerk of the finance committee was received as follows:

Department or Account. Credit. Charge. Balance.

Police Dept. \$85,500.00 \$42,326.05 \$43,893.95

Books & Stationery 87,515.69 22,110.03 65,225.16

Postage 26,552.57 21,211.20 2,321.77

Fire Dept. 21,691.85 2,755.80 18,935.97

Salaries, City Asylum 8,459.63 10,970.73 4,117.18

Streets and Highways 12,073.93 12,476.00 1,397.25

Water Meters 1,000.00 1,291.74 291.74

Police Tools 10,101.66 10,552.20 432,533.03

Public Parks 3,830.03 4,003.21 1,173.21

Lighting Streets 37,000.00 37,051.61 4,051.61

Burial Grounds 600.00 612.00 138.72

Health Dept. 11,029.00 21,291.20 10,260.20

Public Works 5,774.00 6,674.72 521.72

Paupers and Orphans 4,690.00 4,822.70 267.70

Water Supply 10,500.00 10,520.00 20.00

State Tax 51,825.11 51,825.11

Incidentals 607.60 1,117.70 5,010.29

Townsend School Addition 15,000.00 6,001.01 8,998.99

Preservation of Easton's Beach 320.00 301.31 28.69

Easton's Beach Com. 5,000.00 7.75 4,992.25

Agnes Fund 5,000.00 5,000.00

Overdrawn.

Alderman Bliss thought there was a mistake in the balance credited to the fire department, as he believed the real balance was but 31 cents.

An amendment to chapter 16 of the city ordinances was presented providing for the pay of the permanent members of the fire department at \$2.25 a day instead of \$60 per month. The amendment was adopted. All unfinished business was referred to the next city council.

A communication from the Globe Gas Light Company of Boston was read, stating that it was the lowest bidder for incandescent naphtha lights but that its bid was not accepted.

The resolution giving authority to the committee on public property to make a lease of Easton's Beach for a term of 5 years with privilege of renewal for 5 years more to the Easton's Beach Company at an annual rental of \$1,000, was called from the table and passed by a vote of 9 to 6.

The usual resolutions of thanks to Mayor Garretson and President Comstock by the board of aldermen and to President Sherman by the common council were adopted.

The Stone Bridge cottage at Tiverton has changed hands, the lease of Mr. James S. Murphy having expired.

Mr. George C. Barker has gone to Florida.

The board of aldermen granted an

City Council.

Last

TEN YEARS' TRIAL**The Story of a Soldier's Struggle**

By Brigadier General CHARLES KING

Copyright, 1861, by Charles King.

CHAPTER XIX.

The guns were stilled at Battery Knoll, and the gunners, officers and men, clustered upon every little mound and saddle, gazing eagerly out over the smoke shrouded field before them. Off to the right front, fire spitting still, grim blackbones 12 seemed the center of an incipient conflagration. Over at the left front on the Santa Ana road the 11th, No. 11, appeared as though about to slowly drift away in clouds of bluish gray. Across the like ribbed line of the ricefields that stretched away eastward and toward the Paigus to the left long lines of cheering soldiers were sweeping to and beyond the gray walls, where the Tagals were still desperately battling to save their batteries. Two battalions of the Columbus, their colonel in their midst, were dashing straight at the insurgent works along the Chundeloupe road. The right wing of the Evergreens, with ringing cheer, had enveloped the native section of the pretty suburban town and were crashing through bamboo and nipa, fighting their heroic way straight for the Plaza and the river bank beyond, rolling up the yelling bands of brown men, well nigh panic stricken at the dash and vigor of the American advance. Across the Concordia, at the heels of the brigade commander, the Washoes had carried their colors, all took roles on the subject thrown with the silken folds to the wind of the morning, and then in magnificent, irresistible charge bore down with the bayonet on the redoubts and earthworks toward the river and, side by side with the Evergreens, under the walls of the old gray convent and everywhere across the open field the dead and wounded lay in little pools of brownish red, brave lads in blue and tattered heaps of streaked coemon, their loose, light uniforms all stained and soaked with gore.

Not until after five long hours of patient endurance had the brigade received the longed-for, brayed for word to advance, and the pent up rage for battle burst like a torrent on an astonished foe swept helplessly before it. Foremost in the magnificent charge of the Evergreens, Langdon, sword in hand, had leaped among the guns at the river redoubt, his cheek seamed by the stinging lash of a bullet, his hat blown torn by the desperate lunge of a bold, the last thrust of a cursing little Tagal officer fighting like a rat in a corner, for the bayonet of a lusty ser-



They gathered about the striken form of the gallant old major.

giant had transfixed him on the spot. Close under the outer works a little sad eyed squad had gathered about the striken form of the gallant old major, dying, sword in hand and with almost a smile on his lips as Langdon knelt and raised the grizzled head and stanched the blood that welled from a mortal wound. Victory brilliant, complete, decisive, had rewarded their determined assault, the warm handless, the enthusiastic praise of the brigade commander, his "Gloriously done, Langdon!" bringing cheer after cheer from the exultant battalions, but the heart of the colonel was sore. It was hard to lose such lives as these that were ebbing away there in all the radiance of the morning sunshine. It was sad to part with this trusted and loyal subordinate. It was bitter to think that that other and older friend who had never swerved in sorrow and adversity now lay dead to the tidings of this most soldierly achievement—that Melville might never know how thoroughly had been Langdon's vindication of the faith and trust reposed in him. Silence, sadly, the Washoes bore the dying major back to the walls of the old convent within the lines. Reverently they began the gathering up of the dead and tenderly, these stout hearted fellows, they strove to minister to the wounded, friend and foe alike, while cowed, sniveling, the luckless prisoners were swept up from the curving shores, from under the floors of native huts, from the ditches and drains along the village walls. Away out to the right front, up the river road toward Grandjoupe, the pursuing Columbias were still volleying at Liberte's rear guard, what there was left of it. But Santa Ana, with all its stores of ammunition and supplies, won the prize of the brigade, and the veteran general of division, riding out to survey the scene and congratulate the vic-

tors, stopped to shake hands with Langdon and add his word of praise and compliment and to inquire as to his wound. "Only a pin scratch, general, that wouldn't hurt at all if I could know there was no truth in the story that General Melville is killed."

"Oh, I won't believe it!" said the chief. "Your only authority and mine is Colonel Nathan, and Nathan's only authority is that batch of correspondence he's been handing for the past week. They had it that you were mortally hit and half your regiment killed. Where is Colonel Nathan, anyhow?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Langdon guardedly, "I haven't seen him since daybreak."

The major general turned in saddle and looked back across the bloody field toward the roofs of Pao glutting between him and the white towers of Manila, another mile beyond. The pale blue clouds had drifted away. In their place dense volumes of black smoke were beginning to roll skyward from three or four points in the thronging suburb, and the crackle of burning bamboo sounded like a distant fusillade.

"They've been firing on our wounded and ambulances from the church and native houses," said the general briefly. He was thinking—he couldn't help it—of the words of two battery officers he had overheard as he stood at the knoll watching the triumphant advance of his division. Rodney May was the first speaker, and the battery commander had heard without either reproof or dissent.

"It's just what Eric said at Pawnee ten years ago. He has come, steadily up, and Nathan gone steadily down in the good opinion of every square man in the regiment. Yesterday they were on a level as far as rank goes; today I'm betting Langdon's name goes in for brevet and Nathan's won't be heard of."

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" asked the brigade commander as he reclined in on the Plaza under the walls of the great church where two companies of the Columbias were fanning their hot faces with their broad befurred hats, and the men looked at each other and grimaced.

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" again demanded the division chief as he and the brigadier rode through the smoke of blazing nipa huts from whose walls the lurking Tagal rifles had shot down but a few moments before attendants of the wounded, friend and foe alike. A surgeon, looking up from the stretcher over which he was bending, ducked his head toward distant Pao.

"Awake back yonder, colonel. You won't find like this side of the Concordia." And the two seniors exchanged glances. Not until out of range of listening ears was another word spoken. Then the division commander began to free himself of his impressions.

"When the story of this day's work is told, your Washoes and westerners, especially Langdon, will be glorified," said he, "but what shall be said of Nathan?"

Meanwhile Eric Langdon burned with pain and fever under the roof where lay, convalescing of the wounds received early in the first day's fight, his gallant and devoted friend Melville. Langdon pulled through, thanks to native strength and professional skill of the surgeon who received him, unconscious and sore spent, from the hands of the hospital corps. "Doing as well, general, as we can expect after so severe a wound," was Dr. Armistead's almost daily report for a week. "But what will the waking be?"

"If you will permit me, Dr. Armistead, that is a matter with which I shall charge myself. It's time Langdon knew the truth."

And so one day when the soft sea breeze was blowing in from the day, now studded with transports bringing the long delayed reinforcements, as Langdon lay, weak, but once again clear headed and craving news of his men, Melville hobbled to his bedside and signed to the attendant to slip away. "Langdon, old fellow," he asked as they were left alone, "feel as though you could bear a shock today? Your old division commander came in to say goodby while you were asleep. You are named for the medal of honor and the brevet of brigadier general. I wrote the news home by last post."

The pale, thin face on the pillow lighted with a faint flush of pleasure. The long, slender fingers feebly clasped the warm hand extended in greeting.

"How long before I can be in saddle again?" was the question framed by his pallid lips, and the voice was but the ghost of that that rang like clarion over the field at Santa Ana and twang the Washoes into their magnificent charge.

"Two months or three, perhaps, and not that possibly without a sea voyage to Japan or a run to Australia. You had a fearful wound, Eric, and under God's providence nothing but the best of surgeons and constitutions saved you. Dr. Meade is looking after you now that all is going so well, but for two weeks, lad, it was nip and tuck, and have you any idea who—who pulled you through?"

Langdon's eyes spoke negation and inquiry both.

"Dr. Armistead, Eric."

The patient half rose on his pillow, no faint flush this time on his brow, but Melville's hand at once rebuked and restrained him.

"There's a story you ought to hear, Langdon, and it is one I'll rouch for. Shut your eyes and lie quiet now, for I'm going to tell it."

And so in faraway Manila, with his medal of honor in sight, as it were, and his soldier ambition well nigh fully realized, the wounded soldier heard from the lips of his best and sincerest friend the tale of Armistead's real relations with the woman who, bearing Langdon's name, had so nearly wrecked his life. The early boyish infatuation of the young Virginian was not concealed. The lad well nigh worse-ped his pretty, frivolous kinswoman and had endowed her with mental gifts and moral attributes that only with maturing years he found fictitious, and still, like a knight of old, he had stood before her and repented, had striven manfully to lead her to the light and interpose between her and the sting of

scandal. The true story of the encounter at the Shoreline Langdon heard at last and bid his face in sorrow and contrition. He had so easily believed ill of Armistead, he had so utterly misjudged him.

"Mark him to—to come to me—in a day or two, will you, general?" he said, firmly pressing Melville's hand. "I need to think over this. It is all—so different." And Melville stole away and left him with the brief twilight just abounding the skies.

CHAPTER XX.

The summer had come and gone. The small regiments were summoned home for muster out, and thence their number in regulars and national volunteers were gone or going to Manila. Only in small bodies and rather as banditti or guerrillas were the enemy encountered. The lightning dashes of the cavalry north and south in Luzon and the treacherous stealths and marches of the infantry had scattered the insurgents in every direction. The war had dwindled to a campaign of detachments. "Like old Arizona days," as the troopers put it, and full of honor and the consciousness of duty faithfully done, with thinned ranks and in many instances thin, gaunt faces, the soldiery of the wide west was marching back across the seas and being welcomed with tumultuous acclamation at San Francisco. The Columbia mounted the loss of many a gallant lad left buried in the Philippines, but parted without perceptible emotion with their original lieutenant colonel. Nathan resigned the silver leaves long months before they fought their last fight, preferring brief garrison duty with his battery. So many colonels and majors seemed to get picked off by the rebel rifles till it became positively unsafe to take the field, said a saturnine staff officer of the commanding general, and that might have influenced Nathan's action. His promotions in the artillery arm specially gave him only the lowly grade of major, and it was better to be a live major of regulars at a comfortable station in the United States than a lieutenant colonel of volunteers in the mud and rats and discomfort of Luzon. The volunteers were coming back with every transport and being camped on the reservation pending their muster out. The Columbias arrived, and Nathan arranged a big dinner for the officers and rode about among the men, who somehow couldn't seem to see him, and many wouldn't even salute.

Only a meager dozen of the junior officers attended that feast. It faltered doubtfully, despite the lavish flow of wine. Every field officer "regretted," and certain of the captains possibly unrelieved in the ways of society never even acknowledged the courtesy. Major Trahan, who had been promoted Lieutenant colonel on Nathan's resignation, would not even notice him. The colonel's greeting was grave and distant. Some of the men laughed aloud when Nathan rode over to camp; and the situation was the talk of the great assembly of returning volunteers when he came the transport with the wayward Washoes. Eric Langdon at their head, tumultuously greeted by the throng the day they disembarked. And Nathan asked for leave of absence. In civilian dress and accompanied by his wife and a small servant, he drove to the ferry unnoticed of the cheering crowds that beat the air with shouts for Langdon and his devoted men.

Langdon had socially grieved and received certain of the old regiment who had held aloft in his days of trouble, but who came to him frankly and told him of their contention and regret. They had wronged only Langdon. Torrance had spoken disdainfully of the man who had won such honors in the campaign. The full realization of the wrong he had done Langdon long since dawned upon him, and yet how horribly awkward was his position! Other men in the regiment who had quarreled with their kind and wanted to end the strife of long misunderstanding could go to Melville, sure of sound advice and sympathetic aid. Melville could harmonize where others only meddled. But Torrance was barred. Melville was the only man to whom he could not go, for in his memory he had so forgotten himself and what was due a woman as to name one of Melville's households in his denunciation of his brother lieutenant.

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geant had transfixed him on the spot. Close under the outer works a little sad eyed squad had gathered about the striken form of the gallant old major, dying, sword in hand and with almost a smile on his lips as Langdon knelt and raised the grizzled head and stanched the blood that welled from a mortal wound. Victory brilliant, complete, decisive, had rewarded their determined assault, the warm handless, the enthusiastic praise of the brigade commander, his "Gloriously done, Langdon!" bringing cheer after cheer from the exultant battalions, but the heart of the colonel was sore. It was hard to lose such lives as these that were ebbing away there in all the radiance of the morning sunshine. It was sad to part with this trusted and loyal subordinate. It was bitter to think that that other and older friend who had never swerved in sorrow and adversity now lay dead to the tidings of this most soldierly achievement—that Melville might never know how thoroughly had been Langdon's vindication of the faith and trust reposed in him. Silence, sadly, the Washoes bore the dying major back to the walls of the old convent within the lines. Reverently they began the gathering up of the dead and tenderly, these stout hearted fellows, they strove to minister to the wounded, friend and foe alike, while cowed, sniveling, the luckless prisoners were swept up from the curving shores, from under the floors of native huts, from the ditches and drains along the village walls. Away out to the right front, up the river road toward Grandjoupe, the pursuing Columbias were still volleying at Liberte's rear guard, what there was left of it. But Santa Ana, with all its stores of ammunition and supplies, won the prize of the brigade, and the veteran general of division, riding out to survey the scene and congratulate the vic-

to the Philippines and being far out of the field when humiliations wrote in order. But Melville is too many hundreds of miles from Washington for them to importune in person, and letters and telegrams are far easier to answer than personal visits, and "influence," said Melville, "is inversely as the square of the distance." The brevet of the silver star was wired without much objection at the war office, and the Washoes roared with joy over the news that for courageous bravery in half a dozen actions, including Balangabang, where he was severely wounded, their colonel was brevetted a general.

It was relief at night to get away from the thronging camp and the importunities of statecraft and to find refuge at Melville's quiet, cozy sort of rooms at the homely old bostery. Lips that smiled and eyes that shone were ever there to welcome him, and with the general he could talk unrestrainedly. Neither by education nor temperament was he fitted for political life. His intrigues and devices were detestable to him, his associations galling. As a lawyer he had seen—he had had to see—much of the cleanness with which the whole citizen is surrounded. He had no ambition in that direction. His law practice had begun to be lucrative before the outbreak of the war and had fair to become more so as soon as he could resume work. All the old debts, with interest, had long since been paid. He had bought land and was drawing plans for a pretty home when the trumpets sounded to arms. He had even begun to dream of a chateau for that chateau. Columbia batteries of the old regiment were stationed for the harbor, and officers who were his contemporaries in the old days at Pawnee, seniors and juniors both, now came to his disciplined, well ordered camp and looked with appreciative eyes upon those stalwart, seasoned battalions and envied him his experience and opportunities. Torrance had got his double bars at last and gone on to Manila as the volunteers were coming home, but he had long since broken with Nathan, and the soldier in him sought reconciliation with the man who had won such honors in the campaign. The full realization of the wrong he had done Langdon long since dawned upon him, and yet how horribly awkward was his position! Other men in the regiment who had quarreled with their kind and wanted to end the strife of long misunderstanding could go to Melville, sure of sound advice and sympathetic aid. Melville could harmonize where others only meddled. But Torrance was barred. Melville was the only man to whom he could not go, for in his memory he had so forgotten himself and what was due a woman as to name one of Melville's households in his denunciation of his brother lieutenant.

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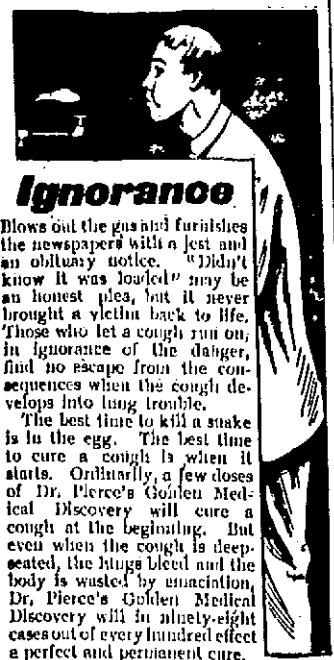
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A Mexican Cave.

An important archaeological discovery has just been made by a mining prospector named Henry Blerman, in Mexico. The discovery was of a vast subterranean system of chambers, rich with ornamentation of sculptures and metal designs. It was evidently once a temple of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico, the Mayas, or some of those kindred races, whose power flourished and passed away before the ships of Columbus or Cortes floated in the waters of the Western world.

Mr. Blerman made his discovery quite by accident. He was in the beautiful Cañon de los Novillos, not far from Ciudad Victoria, in the state of Tamaulipas. As he made his way down the cañon looking for evidences of gold ore or other metals, he suddenly felt the ground give way beneath him, and the next he knew he was in one of those half concealed pits which are so frequently encountered in places where there has once existed a center of prehistoric American civilization. Naturally, the first thing the prospector did was to grope about for some path of escape from the pitfall into which he had fallen.

As he did so his eyes became more accustomed to the dim light of the place, and he saw that he was in a cave, about which were strewn many ancient implements of warfare and cookery, and which was decorated with inscriptions in the ancient and unreadable hieroglyphics of the early inhabitants of Mexico and with many carvings of men and animals.

At once he decided to explore the cave further and take his chances of coming upon some old roadway which he might ascend to the outer day-light. He found room after room in this great underground temple or palace, whichever it is, and while some were of ordinary size, others were of vast dimensions. In all of them he found stores of prehistoric relics. The rooms were dimly illuminated by light which came down here and there through openings in the roof of the cave. In some apartments there was considerable light, while in others the explorer could only faintly make out the objects which surrounded him and sculptures and inscriptions on the walls. Here and there were large drawings of men apparently in ancient armor, and of others evidently dressed as priests. In some rooms Mr. Blerman found altars with carved lots of stone standing back of them.—El Paso Letter to Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Hunting.

A Peterboro party had headquarters with Mr. Nelson Windover, on the Switzer farm between Ketcheegeant and Gull Lake. They secured ten deer, every one of which was killed on the runways, and the hunters therefore had some trouble in getting them out of the bush. There appeared to be as many antlers of deer in the vicinity, and as to bears, Mr. J. E. A. Fitzgerald one day came suddenly upon three of them, one being an old she bear. A couple of well directed shots from Mr. Fitzgerald's rifle, and she was hit, but although the others were hit in the chase given by the hunters, they eventually got away. The old bear tipped the scales of 250 pounds, and is considered quite a prize. The party lost three of their dogs in the bush. Mr. G. C. White had a peculiar experience. He had evidently punctured a fine deer, and, with another hunter, was approaching to knife the animal, when it leaped up and bounded away. The deer shortly afterwards fell a victim to Mr. H. Toohey, of another party. That gentleman seems to have been in favor among the deer, for it is said that at one time one of the animals passed so near him to knock the rifle from his hand. The Fair Point Club had excellent weather and consider that they enjoyed a exploit time.

Messrs. Arnold Bros., North Mountain, F. Lawless and Harry Jeffery have returned from the north with five deer, one buck weighing 225 pounds.—Peterboro, Ont., Review.

If You Would be Happy.

Don't fail to toe the mark, when there is a mark to toe, and be sure the heel doesn't fall where the toe should be found.

Don't get "mad as a hatter," no matter what the occasion for indignation may be. Ungovernable passions don't pay.

Don't "fret yourself to death." Fretting is the principle ingredient in the devil's prescription for developing unhappiness.

Don't get the blues, no matter how black overhead clouds may be. Despondency is never a source of delight either to self or selves.

Don't eat to gluttony or fast to point next door to the palms of hunger. Gluttony leads to bestiality, and self-starvation to unpardonable sin.

Don't be slow of footstep in the ways of well doing; on the other hand don't be too fast about it. The waste that haste makes is often as damaging as is the failure to get there.

If Maude Adams was ever seen more in the character of her own simple, girl-like self than the day she last arrived in Hoboken from her trip abroad, I never heard of the occasion," said a fellow traveller. "She was met at the pier by her mother, who brought her some fresh fruit from the country place where Maude Adams was to spend the remainder of her vacation. On the pier she stood in an obscure corner, leaning against a Derrick. In one hand she held an apple and in the other a pear, and girl-like first she took a bite of the apple and then a bite of the pear, and at times a half bite of each, so as to get the flavors of both fruits together. There she stood, all unconscious of being the centre of attraction, while between mouthfuls she watched with great wondering eyes the operations that those confounded customs inspectors were performing on her trunks and valises."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Strangers frequently find difficulty in proving their identity to French officials at post offices and other places, says the Paris Messenger. Applicants for letters, etc., etc., often go empty away for want of some means of proving that they are what they pretend to be. The difficulty was, however, surmounted the other day by a gentleman in the circus business who called at the Thionville post office for letters addressed M. X., acrobat. The post office clerk was not satisfied with the applicant's proofs of identity and refused to hand over the letters, saying: "How do I know that you are the man?" After a moment's reflection the applicant asked: "All right, I will give you proofs" and slipping off his coat, he proceeded to make the dull post office lively with somersaults, contortions and circus "business" generally. The post office man, scared out of his life and fearing the wreckage of the premises, handed over the letters and said he was satisfied.

SOMETHING IN HIS SHOE.

It Proved to Be the Professor's Burned Toad, of More Variety.

"Well, sir, here I am back in Denver, with the finest collection of lizards that you ever saw, perhaps the finest, in some respects, that is to be found in this country," said Prof. H. H. Woolsey-Dorrell Slane, professor of zoology in the University of Toronto. He has been collecting lizards in the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona for the last two months. His wife has been with him most of the time, relates the Denver Republican.

"Yes," continued the professor, "I am very much pleased with the results of my trip, for that is the grandest country in the world for lizards. Lizards are my specialty, you know, and there cannot be any other study more interesting. I have often wondered, since I have been there, why you do not admit these splendid territories to scientific status. Places containing such lizards should be admitted at once. I have had a great time collecting them, and have had some rather curious experiences."

"Like that time you dropped the horned toad in your shoe and then tried to put the shoe on," suggested his wife.

"I had hardly intended to tell that to you," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I know all that," laughed Mrs. Woolsey-Dorrell, "but that was the very funniest thing that happened on the whole trip. I will tell it myself. When we were in the middle of the desert, oh, I don't know where, we camped in a tent. I stayed in the tent a good deal, while the professor and his guide were out looking for specimens. And that first night, the professor came in very tired, and put up his specimens that he had collected in the glass jars that he took along for them, in a great hurry. But when he had undressed he found that he had left out a horned toad."

"Oh, dear, where shall I put this?" he grumbled. Then he said he would put it in his shoe, and for me to remind him of it in the morning. I was half asleep at the time and never thought of it again. The professor is very absent-minded. This horned toad was of a queer kind."

"Sauvageo's flaggiforme wheeleri," mumbled the professor.

"Well," continued the pretty wife, "it was of a kind that has very sharp horns on its back. And in the morning I was awakened by the most terrible shouting, and opened my eyes to behold the professor dancing around the room, with one shoe half on, holding to that foot and for all he was worth, and yelling. Of course, I knew in a minute what was the matter, and called to him that he had put his foot in the horned toad. Then I finally stopped him and got him to take his foot out of the shoe. But the poor horned toad was dead."

"And it took me two weeks to get another," said the professor.

DIAMONDS IN BACKYARDS.

Are Not Common in This Country But One Was Thus Found in Alabama.

Geologists have just about made up their minds that diamonds will never be found in this country in any considerable quantities. Every now and then a gem of this kind turns up in an accidental sort of way in one place or another, and suggestions of diamond fields offer themselves to imaginative people. Why, it is urged, should not the United States, so rich in almost everything else, possess this kind of mineral wealth, hidden away in some unsuspected locality?

Such a thing is possible, but unlikely, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. Geologically, nearly the whole of this country has been pretty well explored, and there does not seem to be any prospect that it will ever rival South Africa as a producer of diamonds. A few dollars' worth of these gems per annum appears to be about all we can reasonably expect as an output.

The only diamond of considerable size that we produced last year weighed four and a half carats, and was found about 30 miles south of Birmingham, Ala., under rather odd circumstances. It turned up in a backyard garden, where some earth had been dug up to fill up few holes. Presumably the gem was contained originally in this earth, a portion of which was placed close to the house, where water dripped upon it from the overhanging roof.

By and by a little girl came out of the house into the garden. It had been raining hard, and she noticed, near the steps, a particularly bright pebble, which had been washed clean by the rain. Securing it, she took it to her mother, and later it was identified as a real diamond of remarkably pure water. Experts stated that it would yield a cut stone of one carat and a half, or possibly more.

There is a popular notion to the effect that rough diamonds are not bright, but this is a mistake. Even in that condition they are very bright, with a peculiar "admirative lustre," as it is called, which no other substance possesses. However, the crude diamond crystal is not transparent; one cannot see through it.

The Jubilee diamond (now the property of a syndicate), which is the largest and finest in the world, is so perfectly cut that, when placed on the small truncated apex of its pyramid, it stands perfectly balanced, though measuring one inch and five-eighths in length, one inch and three-eighths in breadth, and one inch in depth. It was cut from the larger part of an irregular crystal of unusual size which was found, in 1893, at Jagersfontein, in South Africa. A black spot near the middle of the stone was the reason for cutting it in two.

The Right Method.

A man cannot make a woman love him by giving her chocolates and flowers and ice cream half so quickly as he can by closing the window behind her, without saying a word when he sees that she is sitting in a draught. P. S.—This should not lead men to be stingy with chocolates and flowers and ice cream.—Somerville Journal.

AN AUTOMOBILE BANK.

A French Invention and It Travels to the Patria Instead of the Country to It.

One of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities which administer the public moneys of the town of Mederos, in the Ardennes, written a correspondent of the London Telegraph. The new scheme consists of an "automobile savings bank." The terms require some explanation. The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others for the driver. The three places behind are arranged around a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats and designed in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage inwardly or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves and a small metal safe box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mederos intend to put their invention is as follows:

The car will travel around the country, making stops of an hour or so on predetermined days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive money. Your readers will have now divined the purpose of the financial authorities of Mederos. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand, it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the countryfolk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants half way. The pensants put by their earnings thriftily enough, but frequently fail to invest them in savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the countryfolk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the offices.

The description of the vehicle, which the authorities have built according to their own designs, requires no further explanation except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outward over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in misty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unfeigned delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks but will occasionally bring more often, perhaps, than would be desirable that uninvited visitor, the tax collector.

QUELLING A PANIC.

A Woman's Self-Control Averts Probably Serious Disaster in a New York Tunnel.

The New York Mail and Express tells how a woman's self-control and good sense averted serious disaster. A street car caught fire in the tunnel above Thirty-fourth street. The car was crowded. A puff of smoke came up from somewhere about the wheels at the forward end, and three women in the second seat leaped in horror to their feet. A man rose and called to the conductor in a sharp tone:

"Can't you see your car is on fire?"

A girl with a big bundle in the second seat tried to fling herself off the car against the stone wall. The conductor began calling:

"Keep your seats! Don't

The Mercury.

JOHN KIRKIN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, January 4, 1902.

Acting Governor Kimball has issued cards of invitation to the inauguration of the new State government in Providence on Tuesday next. Admittance to the Representatives' chamber is by ticket only.

Marcos has received the commendations of Edison in the work he is doing for wireless telegraphy. The financial world has likewise signified its belief in the system by sending a big drop in cable securities. If the young Italian succeeds as he expects to there will be very little use for submarine cables in the future.

The new city government will begin its career next Monday when Mayor Boyle will be again inaugurated into office. There are many rumors in the air as to what is to be done at the election of officers, but probably they are entirely unfounded. There will, in all likelihood, be but little change, when the final result is reached, from the present list.

Gen. Palmer who has been elected president of the Cuban republic is living in New York state where he has had his home for the past eighteen years. He is probably the best man that could be chosen for that position. He says, "I have given more than thirty years of my life to the cause of my country and will always be willing to help in its betterment."

In an interview of the Philippines, Representative Kahn, of San Francisco, who has just returned from an extended tour of investigation in the Archipelago, makes the positive statement that the Philippines are not capable of self-government, and that their most intelligent representatives frankly admit this fact—a fact which everybody ought to know by this time.

In accordance with the firm's custom at the close of a prosperous year, J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, made a cash New Year's gift to the employees of the firm. In the aggregate the gift amounted to about \$100,000; the distribution averaging 2½ per cent. of the yearly salary of each employee. The older employees got 100 per cent., while those who had come more recently into the service of the firm got less.

Perry Belmont seems to have beaten the Tammany boss this time and Crocker has been compelled to acknowledge that the young aristocrat is the regular democratic nominee for Congress. Perhaps, however, while Crocker admits the regularity of the nomination he will not object to the other fellow getting the election. It is interesting to contemplate the situation, if there should be two Belmonts in Congress. As it is neither speaks when they pass by. One is a free silver democrat, of the Bryan stripe and the other is a sound money democrat.

Cuthbert Hall, manager of Marconi's company, asserts that the inventor of wireless telegraphy will be back in England in two or three weeks, says a dispatch to the Tribune from London. He will then start in earnest on the work of putting England and America in wireless communication on a practical commercial basis. The American station will be at Cape Cod and the English station will be in Cornwall, as at present, and Mr. Hall is optimistic enough to believe that within six months wireless service between England and America will be in operation.

Sentiment in favor of the Panama canal route seems to be growing rapidly. The owners of the Panama concession seem to be coming to their senses and express a willingness to sell for what it is worth. If that is the case Congress ought not to hesitate between the two routes. In one case the Panama route we have a canal of only forty miles in length, a sea level canal, with good harbors at each end. In the other case, the Nicaragua route, we should have a canal one hundred and eighty-four miles in length, with many locks, and no good harbors at either end. It does not seem that a single thing can be said in favor of the latter route provided the Panama can be cleared of all complications and the Frenchmen bought out for which the thing is worth.

The new Governor of Rhode Island will be inaugurated in Providence on Tuesday next with great show. The state officials are to be escorted from the Narragansett Hotel to the marble palaces on Smith's Hill, by all the Cavalry and Artillery of the State. After the officials have all been sworn into office somebody denominates "Mr. Sergeant" will proclaim from the balcony to the desert sand hills around the State house the tidings that Governor Kimball, etc., has been duly seated in the chair of state, to wind up with the invocation "God save the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations—for the year ensuing," and the gayety multitude shivering in the "sunken garden" around the State's sunny pile of marble is expected to applaud vociferously. One of the reasons assigned by our friends is the view for changing the capital from Newport, which may very well not end the "sunken garden" of Newport in lasting up the ancient custom of entitling the state officials not often, but when they have got the thing all to themselves, those good old customs must be kept up. Well we don't object. We are not here to point out what you eat, but don't freeze to death in doing it.

Postmaster-General Payne.

The Electrical World and Engineer says editorially: "The selection of Mr. Henry C. Payne, of Milwaukee, as Postmaster General, is an appointment which gives pleasure not alone to his countrymen in general and Republicans in particular, but is noted with much pride by all engaged in electrical pursuits. President Roosevelt will find in Mr. Payne a valuable addition to his Cabinet; for Mr. Payne fit more than a shrewd and able politician. He is a man of affairs, who has been trained in the exacting school of electrical development, and has ever shown himself progressive in the electrical arts and industries with which he is associated have advanced. Beginning with the telephone in his early days, he has successively become interested in electric lighting and in electric traction, and with regard to these industrial departments of electricity he has been a conspicuous figure. There have been other members of our National Cabinets with electrical interests, but so far as we know, Mr. Payne is distinctly the first manager of electrical properties who has reached the exalted position of active membership in any administration."

"The fact that Mr. Payne was once a successful postmaster of Milwaukee, and has always been an alert and busy telephone man, renders him peculiarly fit for his new office."

Show Is a Millionaire.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American says that Governor Shaw is easily a millionaire. He further says:

"A member of the cabinet, maintaining his own house, must expend at least \$10,000 a year, or nearly double his salary, to keep up even ordinary appearances. He can run this up to as high a figure as he likes."

Attorney General Knox, upon taking up his residence here, began by publishing a house costing \$10,000 and bringing with him a team of horses that cost \$2,000. His expenses will be vastly in excess of \$10,000 a year.

A story is told of General Clarkson when he became First Assistant Postmaster General and rented a home here. The yearly rental came to \$3,000. His salary was \$3,000 a year. Clarkson laughingly said to his wife: "What shall we do with the remainder of my salary?"

"Rent a telephone," was the reply.

Says the Providence Journal: Gen. Charles R. Brayton left the Rhode Island Hospital for a few days, where an examination of the cataract upon his eye is being made. As is generally known, the operation for the removal of cataracts cannot be undertaken until their completed growth brings a condition of total blindness. This period has been reached in Gen. Brayton's case, and the examination now being made is preliminary to the operation. Because of the demands upon his time the operation will probably not be performed for two months, and in the meanwhile the cataract will completely obscure the sight. The examination will be completed Saturday morning, at which time he will leave the hospital.

A remarkable soldiers' home will be that now building at Johnson City, Tenn., where both Union and Confederate soldiers in the civil war and volunteers in the war with Spain are to be harbored. This home will comprise 33 buildings, among them a memorial hall, a mess hall, a chapel and a canteen; they will occupy a site a mile and three-quarters long and three-quarters of a mile wide in the heart of the mountains; the grounds will be laid out by a landscape gardener, and each barrack will have its own park. Congress appropriated \$1,000,000 for the home.

In the village of Hyde Park, N. Y., near which Frederick W. Vanderbilt has a country home, Mrs. Vanderbilt has provided a club for young men, and she is now interesting herself in the young girls. For their benefit she has founded a class in millinery and has engaged a woman instructor in the city, who goes to Hyde Park twice a week.

Mr. Frank M. Bates of Pawtucket, for many years City Treasurer of that city, died last week and was buried Tuesday. The Rev. Frank Reed, D. D., of the First Baptist church of that city, conducted the services.

The work on the interior of the administration building at the Island cemetery is being pushed ahead, and in about a month Col. McMahon, the superintendent, expects to be in possession of the building.

The new year opens well as far as the business world is concerned. The general business of the country was never better and the prospect is good for the year to come.

Middletown.

At the meeting of Aquidneck Grange, P. O. H., No. 30, in the town hall, Middletown, Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Worthy Master—W. Clarence Peckham.

Worthy Overseer—Nathaniel L. Chapman.

Treasurer—Mrs. Robert Patterson.

Secretary—Howard A. Peckham.

Chaplain—Rev. James E. Chase.

Treasurer—Henry C. Sherman.

Secretary—Lewis G. Manchester.

Chaplain—Rev. Elton W. Peckham.

Chaplain—Miss Lydia Peabody.

Chaplain—Miss Alice R. Peckham.

Chaplain—Miss Anna E. Peckham.

TWO KILLED OUTRIGHT

Louis Blitzer Used a Revolver
on Five Persons

SHOT CLERK DOWN FIRST

Then Went to His Home and Fired
at Wife and Three Children, One of
Whom Was Killed - Officers Say That
There Is No Evidence of Insanity

Turbo's Falls, Mass., Jan. 1.—Louis Blitzer, who shot and killed his clerk, Miss Ida Columbus, and his 5-year-old son, and attempted to take the lives of his wife and two other children yesterday, was taken to the Franklin County jail in Greenfield late yesterday afternoon. He will be charged with murder. While the friends of Blitzer claim that he was insane when he committed the murders, State Detective McKinley and Deputy Sheriff Davis, after a careful investigation, say that they have secured enough evidence to show that he was insane.

There have been comparatively few developments in the case since the murders were discovered, and although the tragedy has created a great sensation in this part of the state, no one takes the responsibility of assuming that there was a motive for the killing. The authorities showed that Miss Ida Columbus and the boy, Louis Blitzer, died instantly. In both cases the bullets penetrated their brains. The autopsy will not reveal any information regarding Miss Columbus, as it showed that she was a virgin.

Mrs. Christina Blitzer, wife of the murderer, and Carrie Blitzer, the 12-year-old daughter, are both resting comfortably at the Berlin Hospital in Greenfield. Their wounds are not dangerous. The condition of Anne, the 16-year-old daughter, is more critical, but attending physicians are hopeful for her recovery. The bullet is buried in her skull, and an attempt has as yet been made to extract it.

Detective McKinley took charge of the case for the government and is being assisted by Deputy Sheriff Davis in securing evidence to be presented at the hearing. They decline to talk, and have not as yet stated that there was a motive for the attempt to kill his female clerk and all of the members of his family.

Blitzer is said to be financially embarrassed in the jewelry business he has carried on here. He failed in 1888, and was discharged by the court two years later. Since that time he has carried on the business under the name of M. S. Blitzer. Martin J. Soule of Greenfield, who loaned Blitzer \$1000 when he opened the store a second time, says he is going to put no attachment on the jewelry store to satisfy his claim.

Minor matters are off to the townspeople to show that Blitzer had acted strangely for several months. They are quite positive he was insane at the time the murders were committed.

The tragedy occurred between 10 o'clock and noon. Evidence was found that it was Blitzer's purpose also to take his own life, but his prompt arrest apparently prevented him from carrying out this purpose. He is about 35 years of age.

Business was progressing normally at the store on the principal business street, which Blitzer had conducted for several years. Miss Columbus was attending to her duties about the place, being engaged in putting away the Christmas goods.

Some time after 10 o'clock it was discovered that butters were not all right in the shop, and an investigation led to the discovery of the body of Miss Columbus, with a bullet hole in her head.

On the counter, written on the wrapping paper used in the store, Blitzer had left a penciled note explaining the affair.

As far as the authorities could make it out, it said that Blitzer was cleaning his revolver, when it was accidentally discharged. Overpowered by the accident, and fearing arrest as the murderer of the girl, he made known his determination to go to his home, and the lives of his wife and children, and of himself.

He asked that at his funeral the hymn "Never, My God, to Thee" be sung, and that a local undertaker, whose name he mentioned, should have charge of the bodies.

He wished that his property should be given to his brother and to his aged mother, and he ended the letter with an expression to the effect that "God would not blame a man for doing what he had done."

It appears that having completed this note, Blitzer went to the rear door to make his way home. He was seen going down the street, hatless, and apparently greatly excited. Evidently he lost time in carrying out his purpose, once he had reached his house.

Case of Smallpox in Jail

Salem, Mass., Jan. 1.—Timothy Creedon, who was committed to the Salem jail from Lynn last Friday, for drunkenness, was removed to the post-house yesterday, suffering from smallpox. Creedon is a resident of Salem, but he had recently returned to Boston from a fishing trip and on his way to this city was arrested in Lynn for drunkenness.

Prohibited From Saying Mass

Holyoke, Mass., Dec. 30.—Rev. A. Ratajowski, who has been assisting Rev. K. M. Sikorski at the Polish church in this city, has been refused the privilege of saying mass further at the church, under direction of Bishop Beaven of Springfield, who has learned that Ratajowski had been sent away from a diocese in Prussia on account of a scandal.

Young Woman Dies of Lockjaw

Braintree, Mass., Jan. 1.—Miss Christina Jorgensen, 10 years old, died of lockjaw at the home of William Nickerson yesterday. Miss Jorgensen was vaccinated Dec. 4 at her home at East Dennis, on Cape Cod, where she was most favorably known. The attending physicians say that they are unable to give the primary cause of the girl's affliction.

THE CUBAN PRESIDENCY

Pain Chosen to Fill Office of
Chief Executive

VER LIGHT VOTE WAS CAST

Proceedings Ignored by Friends of
Mac-President-Elect's Main Pur-
poses to Secure Friendly Relations
With the United States

BOSTON, Jan. 2.—The indications are
that the entire Peking Hotel will be
closed and that Estrada Palma, the inci-
tive candidate for the presidency of Cuba,
will receive the unanimous vote of the
electoral college. The adherents of
General Bartolome Maso, the Demo-
cratic candidate who recently withdrew
from the campaign, not only withdraw
themselves but refused to go to the
polls. A remarkably light vote was
brought out by the Island.



GENERAL ESTRADA PALMA.

The New York Tribune prints an in-
terview with Mr. Palma, president-
elect of Cuba, in which he speaks "un-
officially" of the needs and policies of
the Cuban revolutionaries as follows:

"The principal object of the Cuban re-
volutionaries is first of all to secure the
most friendly relations with the Amer-
ican people. At the same time we
shall try to secure from the Wash-
ington government all the advantages pos-
sible for our products by reasonable re-
ducing of the import duties, especially
on sugar and tobacco, as this is the only
way Cuba can escape the absolute rule of
the two industries, which are the only
outlets of Cuba's actual wealth. With this benefit the Cuban people
will themselves in great distress and
subject to disturbances from lack of
employment. In a starving condition
they cannot enjoy their independence.
I am convinced that the people of the
United States know that it is to their interest
that Cuba be prosperous, orderly
and peaceful, and for that reason I am
sure that a majority of Americans will
have a commercial treaty between the
countries advantageous to both."

Bad Year For Carriage Makers

Nashua, N. H., Jan. 1.—The year
just ending has been a prosperous one
in machinery, for the total carriage
shipments show an increase over the
year 1890. The value of vehicles manu-
factured is said to be twice as much
as that of the previous year.

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A DISQUIETING OUTLOOK

Chinese Promises of Reform
May Not Be Sincere

ANTI-FOREIGN ARMY CORPS

To Offset Those Inclined to Be Friendly
by Independent Newspapers Sup-
pressed—Empress Dowager and
Yang Lu Fear Foreign Trap

Peking, Jan. 2.—Several recent occur-
rences tend to disconcert the hope that
the downer emperor had learned a
lesson of reform from the events of the
past year. Foreigners are disposed to
take a pessimistic view of the outlook.
Clement Yang Lu's determination to
organize two anti-foreign army corps,
to offset the commands of the pro-
foreign Chinese leaders, is particularly
disquieting, and is evidence of the
continued domination of Yang Lu's influence,
which is bitterly anti-foreign.

Other incidents considered significant
are the suppression of the only inde-
pendent newspaper in this city by order
of the governor of Peking and the
closing of the industrial school here,
recently organized by philanthropist
Chinkee also by the governor's order.
This school was intended for the training
of destitute youth. Other liberal
Chinese will now hesitate to give practical
aid to their theories, fearing the
dispensary of officials.

A third effort regarding the recent
order of a Belgian priest near Ning-
hsia Foo, in Kien Foo province, has ap-
peared. It is popularly believed that
he planned to furnish those who are guilty of
the crime and reinforce the downer em-
press' good will towards Christians. This
is unusual, naturally upon the part
of the court in the punishing of those
guilty of an anti-Christian outrage and
in taking evidence of the downer em-
press' desire to consolidate the power on
the eve of the return of the court to
the capital.

It is generally believed that Prince Ching's
arguments dissuaded him in a more pros-
perous condition than at any time since his
organization of the city of Concord
granted by voting to build a city hall
of brick and granite.

The Massachusetts Cremation Socie-
ty continues in a more pros-
perous condition than at any time since its
organization. The number of cremations
during 1891 was 172. Withdrawals
paid there is a balance of \$10,700.

A building in process of construction
by John T. Burnett, was burned at
Southboro, Mass., entailing a loss of
over \$5000. The building was nearly
completed, and was intended as a sum-
mer residence.

The Burke, Vt., city council voted to
authorize the mayor to call a special
city meeting to approve of the purchas-
ing of the water rights of certain land
of Paul Burke in the Orange brook.

This will involve the expenditure of
some \$80,000.

Edward F. Parks, for 15 consecutive
years town clerk of Derry, N. H., died
of heart disease. He was 42 years old.
He was director of the Derry National
bank, trustee of the Taylor Library,
trustee of the cemetery association,
and assistant postmaster.

While crossing the Boston and Maine
track at Melrose, Mass., Mrs. Mary
Loftus, 25 years old, was struck by a
train and instantly killed.

Annie Cuswell, 6 years old, died at
Cambridge, Mass., from tetanus, or
lockjaw. Dr. O. T. Weeks, the attending
physician, writes that the contributing
cause of death was vaccination.

Mrs. Hattie Hawley, aged 46, was
burned to death in her small store at
Topsham, Vt. It is supposed that an
overturned lighted lamp was responsi-
ble.

Lucy Mosher, aged 8, was drowned
at Greenwich, Conn., while skating.
Her brother, aged 10, also broke through
the ice, but was rescued, nearly ex-
hausted.

The factory of the Crystal Springs
company, makers of starch and flour,
Wintertown, Mass., was burned, the loss
probably reaching \$10,000. The store-
house was saved by the efforts of the
firemen.

William T. Outram, aged 55, a news-
paper correspondent, well known in
western Massachusetts, and for 25 years
with the Springfield Republican,
died at Pittsfield, Mass.

By the will of Mrs. Susan Cornelia
Warren, widow of Samuel D. Warren,
which was filed for probate at Boston,
nearly \$150,000 is given for educational
and charitable purposes.

The Rutland railroad depot at Bum-
berland, Vt., in which the postoffice was
also located, was burned. The loss of
the building will be about \$10,000, but just
how much government property was
destroyed is not known.

Fire which started from the ignition
of escaping gas in the basement of a
block on Crown street, New Haven,
occurred at a liquor store, caused \$15,-
000 damage.

Yale university has received a gift of
\$30,000 to carry out the intention of the
late Rev. Edward A. Smith, July 1893,
formerly a member of the corporation
of the university, to establish a fund in
memory of his father, the late Isaac E.
Smith of New York.

Coal Teamsters' Strike Averted

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 30.—At a meeting
of the teamsters' union yesterday the
proposition of a new scale of wages was
discussed at length, and it was finally de-
cided to accept it. This action averts
strike which has been threatening for
the last 10 days.

Brickton's Shoe Shipments

Brockton, Mass., Dec. 30.—The shoe
shipments for the past year have been
the largest in the history of the city.
The number of packages shipped was 629,-
413. As each case has an average of 22
pairs of shoes, the total number of
pairs shipped this year has been about
14,500,000.

Miss Stone Reported Released

London, Jan. 2.—A dispatch to the
Central News from Vienna says a report
has been received there to the effect that
Miss Ellen M. Stone, the captive
American missionary, has been released.
The reports lacks confirmation.

Appeal For a Million Dollars

Boston, Dec. 30.—The Boston Y. M. C.
A. round out its half century yesterday
by special services, at which an
appeal was made for \$1,000,000 for the
work. Many members spoke up topics
incident to the occasion.

Gloster's Extensive Fisheries

Gloster, Mass., Dec. 31.—The fishing
season which closed today has been
very satisfactory to the Gloucester
fishermen, and the entire catch this year
100,000,000 pounds of fish was caught
and landed by vessels from this port.
Of this amount 125,201,511 pounds,
valued at \$2,169,000, was landed at this
port. The Gloucester fishing fleet now
constitutes 350 vessels.

Parents Fear Foul Play

Walpole, Mass., Dec. 30.—Arthur W.
Nugent, 34 years old, has been missing
from his home for about 10 weeks and
his parents believe that he has been a
victim of foul play. He is described as
being four feet, 2 inches in height, has
large brown eyes and dark hair. His
parents are prostrated and have at last
asked the public to assist them in the
search for their boy.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Colonel A. H. Oelting was elected
chairman of the Massachusetts Repub-
lican state committee. There was no
change in other offices.

James Connelly, aged 88, a brakeman
for the Consolidated road, fell between
moving cars at Valley Falls, N. H. The
wheel cut off his leg.

Perry O. Bohler and Robert P. Her-
kell have been appointed temporary re-
ceivers of the Highland Foundry com-
pany of Boston, which engaged in the
business of manufacturing and selling
stoves, furnaces and heating apparatus.
J. W. Plummer of Concord has
been appointed deputy state treasurer
of New Hampshire.

Henry McElman, 8 years old, skated
into an arbor at Hyde Park, Mass., and
was drowned.

Selected Tales.

CLIAN OUT OF LUCK.

"You couldn't have played the hand worse. It isn't possible," said Hector Munro, with a caustic burlesque upon the players atbridge, and glancing angrily at his partner, an over-dressed, foppish-looking little boy. "It would be my fault, perhaps, I ought to have made it spaces" (wistfully) "as you were going to play the hand, but with three aces and eight of aces, I couldn't, could I?" and he looked appealingly at each of his opponents turn. "It was bound to be 'no trumps' I thought it was impossible for Mrs. Burton Party to lose the game, but she has managed to do it."

The speaker had it all his own way. There was either no excuse possible or his victim was too much enclined to think of tact and her not very intelligent blue eyes stared at her tormentor so it had mesmerized her. Of course, I don't so much mind losing the money," went on her taskmaster, untroubled, as the appalling column of figures of the most expensive rubber on record was added up by a contested winner, and by himself, "but it is aggravating to have the game thrown away." Now, my dear lady?" And he began again to point out all the evil she had done and the good she had left undone, talkling down to her with the same condescension that an angel is supposed to display when taking notice of a black beetle.

The truth was that Mrs. Burton Party, a pretty little woman without two ideas in her head, had made up her mind a short time ago that bridge was the fashionable sport of the moment and that it behaved her to be as exact over it as her neighbors. So many being nothing to her, of course, either, she had taken lesson after lesson from a black-bearded professor of the noble game who charged her so much an hour and taught her very little, she not being of the sort of which the players of any game aspiring brains and skill could be in awe.

"But I have had my free and twenty lessons and can play with any one," was her unspoken thought. Consequently, when bridge was proposed the first night that a large party gathered under the Warden's hospitable roof at the Pilgrim, Mrs. Burton Party was quite ready to make a fourth at a table where the other three players were shunting flights at the Portland.

"Did it never strike you to get the lead into dummy's hands?" inquired Hector Munro as if Mrs. Burton Party was a freak of nature and he was trying to understand her.

"Oh, you've scolded your partner quite enough now, Munro," said his right-hand neighbor, Captain Cushing, usually called "Kit," a good-looking young soldier, home on leave from the Hancock. "Would make mistakes, the whole lot of us, but I must say it is very hard on women. They're always being pitched into over this blessed bridge and we'd be very much surprised if they found fault with any of us."

"How shall we play now? Shall we cut for partners?"

"Thank you," said Hector Munro, who was not a ready Scot for nothing, "I don't care to play another table" and he got up as husky. "Oh, Mrs. Reggle, here you are! This is tall and remarkable-looking woman who came up to the table at that moment: "you had better take my place. Or won't you sit to us instead? That would be far better."

"I have been singing to you for the last half hour," she said, coolly, "the 'Chant d'Amour' and all the other songs you call your favorites, but I believe if the heavenly choir was to sing in your ear and you were playing a 'no trump' hand you would not hear a sound."

"It is quite possible," said Munro, the brown he had worn while badgering his late partner being replaced by a positively angelic smile. "It was better to be mocked by Mrs. Reggle than not to be noticed at all by the magnificently-looking woman with whom they were all more or less in love."

She was indeed, a splendidly made creature, above the common height of women, if anything a trifle too massive, though the dearness of her beautifully formed hands and feet saved her from any suspicion of coarseness; her hair and skin were both fair, which seemed to take one by surprise, as the firm, square chin, the dark determined eyes, and the straight eyebrows seemed meant for dark rather than fair coloring; but it was a look of nature that gave an original air to her beauty, which was very striking. She was a blond Fountaine, and might have sat as the original of Raphael's picture;

She was looking her very best to-night, for though there was not a woman in the room so simply dressed, there was not one of them who could put on her clothes like Mrs. Reggle, or wear them as if they were royal robes. There was a gleam of silver among the folds of her simple black dress, a silver ribbon bound the shining masses of her hair, and nothing more was needed to enhance her beauty. She might have been the delight of any man's eyes; she certainly was the admiration of Kit Cushing, who seemed as if he could do nothing but look at her.

"You must come to our table," said her and his partner as with one voice.

And she played as easily as Mrs. Burton Party herself she would still have been welcomed to them but Mrs. Reggle being one of those women who seem to do everything better than their neighbors' wives have been looked on as a most desirable partner at bridge even had she been old and ugly. She played very nicely and was indeed so much above the average as to have considerably added to what she was in the habit of calling "the insuperable pleasure" which her face gave.

For the last year or so she had been improving, and so was her bass known how much she had so augmented her income by her writings atbridge. Her luck was proverbial and she never knew a chance away there seemed no reason why it should not continue.

"Of course I will play," she said, with the air of one who conveys favor, but she was delighted to play, and at that very table.

With Mrs. Burton Party as her opponent, she would have a fair chance of making enough money to pay off the bill that her dressmaker had given to send her for the sixth time that very evening accompanied by a most impudent letter. It was a change in her favor, at any rate.

"Of course, women can't pay together," she said, as they cut for partners and she spoke with a decided decision. The others desisted that she and Kit should play together, when not in very company.

"What are the stakes to be?" was the next remark. "We had three pence twenty last night and something in the morning. We neither won nor lost. Let's do the same tonight."

Kit's blue eyes looked twinkled, and he gave a very undiplomatic glance in the direction of Mrs. Burton Party which was caught and resented by the little lady. He meant to spite her, but she would not be spited.

"Yes. Let's play for three-pence points, dear Mrs. Burton," shaking her bunched head negligently, "and a florin or a tenner on the rubbers, as you like."

"You are more sporting?" said Mrs. Reggle, bowing on her one of her rare smiles. "Let's make it a tenner. That will be most exciting."

Mrs. Burton Party's partner looked depressed, for he knew Mrs. Reggle would never have dreamt of playing so high had she not believed she had it in the best of it.

Still there was nothing to be done, and after all the hand his partner laid down for him spelled victory this time fairly safe. There never was such an easily won game, such a runaway victory. The hand and that of his partner was so abounding that even if the latter played her worst they still could not help winning. It was the same story the whole evening, but Mrs. Reggle would not hear of stopping. No, she must have their revenge for she knew that, with even modesty back, she and Kit were bound to win. But the luck never changed.

"We are broke, Mrs. Reggle," said Kit at last. The clock had struck 2, even the pinstripe of glee could hardly keep Mrs. Burton Party awake, and they must stop. "We are 78 pounds out, and have nothing to do but to go to bed."

"But we must have our revenge tomorrow," was her answer, and to do justice, though it was that the hand that played with the few tricks they had made themselves just a little she kept her secret from the others, and it was with the air of an empress, and not of a fallen empress either, that she swept up the great staircase followed by the lady to whom fortune had been kinder than she deserved.

"What have we done, Mrs. Reggle?" asked Kit about twenty-four hours later, when another disastrous evening at bridge had brought their losses up to three dozen. "We simply can't win. It's hard to lose a hundred in this rotten way. I would much rather have bought another home with the money."

He looked sorrowfully at his partner, who was looking at Mrs. Burton Party. It was late in the evening before taking stock of her clothes, far less of her rather moderate good looks; and indeed Mrs. Reggle's eyes were fixed on something more noticeable than either on the splendid string of pearls that lay on her somewhat meager little neck. Mrs. Burton gave off a start when she felt Kit's eyes on her, she did not join in his lamentations, but as she rose to her feet she turned to Mrs. Burton Party. "You shall have my check tomorrow morning," and then wishing them all good-night, she left the room without waiting for the little lady to pick up fan, gloves, purse and the large feather boa that either health or fashion helped her to wear on her journey from the drawing-room along those draughty passages? to her bedroom.

Mrs. Reggle certainly seemed to bear her ill-will, nor to grudge her the victory that was so disastrous to herself, on the contrary, the next day, which was a Sunday, the two ladies seemed inseparable. They had apparently struck up quite a friendship, and Mrs. Burton Party's foolish little head seemed regularly turned by the pleasant things said to her by the other, who had barely tolerated her lessons.

Now she actually made up to her, let her talk "dribbles" to her heart's content, and the two sat in and out of each other's rooms as if they were two schoolgirls. Mrs. Burton Party had a hundred things to show her new friend. Her jewels! Oh, certainly—this was after they had dressed for dinner, and Mrs. Reggle had come once more into her room, looking superbly but in the same black and silver dress that she had worn before. She had on her diamond necklace tonight; it was not a very ambitious affair, but the links like a broad chain that clasped her white throat seemed to suit her better than anything ten times its value would have suited the other woman.

"But it eludes me," she said, in answer to some words of exaggerated praise bestowed on it by Mrs. Burton Party. "I took one of the links just now, and though I managed to fasten it, it is a good deal too tight to be pleasant. Still, you are all so suave in your necklaces, I should feel quite naked without one."

And she made her new-found friend feel how tight it was.

"Oh, you poor thing!" sympathized Mrs. Burton Party. "You can't possibly wear it all the time. I know what I will do. I will lend you mine. Wait till to-morrow, and I will ring for my maid. She has the key to my jewel box."

"Why take so much trouble?" said Mrs. Burton gruffly. "Let me wear your pearls and my diamond chain will be too large, if anything, for your slender neck."

"Oh, that will be delightful," was the answer, and at once the string of great specially-watched pearls was lying on Mrs. Reggle's white shoulder-blades, and she had clasped her necklace round the small throat of Mrs. Burton Party.

"Why have you two ladies changed recourses?" asked Kit Cushing, as he sat beside Mrs. Burton in the music room after dinner, all excepting except pleasure being a scarcely-knotable knot at the Pilgrim on the day of rest. It was a natural question asked in all innocence, and it was odd that the lady of his affection should resent it.

"What business is it of yours, Kit?" she answered haughtily. "Do you wish I could have anything so valuable as that?"

He meant to mind nothing, though he knew quite well Mrs. Burton was not likely to be the owner of ornaments of great price. He said nothing more, though her anger made a greater impression on him than he had any right at the time.

He fell asleep that night thinking of Mrs. Burton and wondering if she would find it even more difficult than himself to pay that 100 pounds they had each lost, while in his dreams he still saw her, and always with Mrs. Burton Party's lively string of pearls round her slender throat.

His morbid thoughts still ran on Mrs. Reggle, and on the hundred pounds he had to get hold of; in his abstraction he had dressed more quickly than usual, and was idly looking out of his bedroom window before breakfast; when he awoke he saw the lady of his dreams passing along the path that skirted the lawn.

Mrs. Reggle, out secretly, and dressed, in country clothes, as ever in London found her eye could see, but in London finding "she wasn't beginning to go good." It wasn't possible . . . When was the fly—the luggage—the group on the doorstep to see her off? She would not leave the Pilgrim like a thief.

"Like a thief! He was angry with himself for thinking of such a word,

And yet why was she stealing off by herself in this fashion? The blood rushed to his face as he saw her look back furtively to the house. "She is going to do something foolish," he said to himself, and all at once he seemed to understand that it was his business to look after her, help her, perhaps even save her from herself. Not a moment's delay and he was down stairs, had caught up a cap of his that was lying on the hall table, and was running along the narrow path that was a short cut to the little roadside station at the end of the park.

The train was just starting, but there was an unwritten law that anyone from the Pilgrim must be waited for so he hurried along the platform, a "strikethrough" door was flung open, and he half jumped into, half fell on the floor of the carriage, fell at the feet of Mrs. Reggle, who was there alone. She had a small box in her hand, into which she had been looking and as he saw her a flush of white flushed her face, and he knew, as well as if she had handed him the box, that it contained Mrs. Burton Party's pearl necklace.

"What is taking you up to town?" he asked breathlessly, as he rose to his feet.

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Still there was nothing to be done, and after all the hand his partner laid down for him spelled victory this time fairly safe. There never was such an easily won game, such a runaway victory. The hand and that of his partner was so abounding that even if the latter played her worst they still could not help winning. It was the same story the whole evening, but Mrs. Reggle would not hear of stopping. No, she must have their revenge for she knew that, with even modesty back, she and Kit were bound to win. But the luck never changed.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The International Monthly.

The International Monthly begins the new year with a number, even greater than usual, of strong and attractive articles, all for the most part, devoted to the larger themes and interests.

Associate Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, in an admirable study of the "Jury," pronounces unequivocally in favor of retaining the system,—especially because it secures without any reserve those features of its present workings which have done so much to destroy public confidence in its efficiency. The seat of the court he finds, above all else, in the rule requiring unanimity, which, indeed, as he believes, "check[s] the overflows of the whole system." To abolish this rule would be to lighten and lessen the struggle of control over the "single helpful jury" who by his ignorance, or worse, so often defeats the ends of justice.

This article contains suggestions of the very highest importance as to a system which we are not likely ever to give up, but which, in spite of its ancient traditions, so easily feels reforming.

Edmund Kelly, in a vigorous contribution on "Hidalgo Mendoza" (in New York), decries that if the recent victory over Paraguay is to be permanent, good government must be made to appear more directly, to the eye of practical benefit, to the average man, who is as yet but too little sensible of the value of a decent, modest, admirable administration. Mr. Kelly proposes to win the "dweller of the Icicle Pains" for an honest government by a mild species of collectivism that will make life easier and cheaper for him; or, for example, by the municipal ownership of gas and tramways.—Only though the author is by no means "callid" in the very sense of the word.

The foreign contributions to this number are especially excellent. "German Tendencies" by Professor George Blumel of the University of Berlin is a very valuable study, with something of the grand ideal left in it that one learns to expect in the best German literature.

Adolph Furtwangler, the great archaeologist (founder of a school), gives a charming account of the "New Excavations at Aigina." Mrs. Burnard Bosanquet studies in detail the conditions of the working woman in England; and M. Camille Mauclair, the well known Parisian art critic, contributes a brilliant sketch of French Impressionism, its theory, history, and influence. The tribute to Whistler must prove of especial interest to all American readers.

There are interesting book reviews by M. Andre Labey and Professor Brander Matthews.

The Atlantic for 1892.

A very alluring prospectus for the coming year is presented to the many readers of this popular magazine. Already, the serial story by Mary Johnston, will continue until early spring. It began in May, 1891, and will continue to increase in interest to the very end. This will be followed by a short serial, or three or four instalments, by George W. Cable, entitled "Below Hill," the scene of which is laid in New England. Still another serial story, by a well-known author, will soon be announced, to begin in midsummer.

Of the short stories only a few may be mentioned: "Tales of Witchcraft," a sea story by George B. Watson; "The Outgoing of the Tide"; a Scotch tale by John Buchan; "Looking Back," by Miss Bullock; "The Irish," without "The Land Parade," by B. Carleton, which has already appeared in the January Atlantic; and "The St. Leger Contract and Piero," a story of Adirondack lumber camps, by Florence Wilkinson.

The striking series of Reconstruction papers will be followed in 1892 by papers dealing with disfranchisements and other aspects of the new question. Topics called forth by the acquiring of new territory by the United States, the new diplomatic relations growing out of the position which the country is taking in international politics and commerce; the question of the proper limits of the organization of labor; the social outlook and aspects of our outdoor life—all these will be discussed in papers by writers who have faithfully studied and can eloquently set forth the pros and cons of every subject.

There will be "Incidents" and "Confessions" by well-known writers, and the list of literary papers, papers descriptive of different sections of the country, and single articles, is unusually attractive.

The letters from foreign capitals will continue through the coming year, and, in addition to the usual book reviews, a department of comment on Books New and Old, will be written each month by H. W. Boynton. The Atlantic explains that, while the papers in the Contributors' Club are usually furnished by regular contributors to the magazine, brief communications from any readers are always welcomed.

The World's Work.

With "The Era of Exclusiveness is Past" for a text The World's Work for January devotes its space largely to the political and commercial expansion of the country. Nearly every article gives not only vivid incidents of America abroad to date, but is full, as well, of suggestions toward making the incidents of our trade in every limits of the earth a great unified movement. In "Our New Horizon" Frederic Emory gives, with epic sweep, a view of our new activities. Chalmers Robert relates stories of American ministers abroad, and Galliard Hunt, in a splendidly illustrated article, tells how the consular service, which is doing much to further American influence at the outposts, should be reorganized. The rapid growth of Pacific Coast trade is strikingly shown in "The New Pacific Empire," by George Hamlin Fitch, and a striking incident in it is told by Arthur Goodrich in his description of the building of the biggest ships in the world, "Merchandise Twice As Big As Men-of-War," to ply between Seattle and the Orient. The so-called American invasion of England is discussed by Ulysses D. Eddy in "Our Special Partner—England," and in "More Stories" by an American in England. Remarkable developments in our trade with Spain since the war are related by Edward Lowry, and Henry Harrison Lewis tells of the adventures of American goods abroad. The new relations with the people of our own continent are interpreted by Oscar King Davis, writing from the Pan-American Congress in Mexico, and W. Woodville Rockhill, the Director of the Bureau of American Republics. Handsomely illustrated articles of the famous Briarcliff Farm in New York, by Mary C. Blossom, and a "Day's Work on a Castle Island," by Earl Mayo, give variety to this special "looking outward" number. Many stories and interesting facts about our foreign trade are told in Among the World's Workers, in which

appear also letters from overseas made in various lands. This number is a valuable and vividly interesting contribution to the literature of American progress.

Mr. Stockton's New Novel.

Kate Bonnet, the Romance of a Pilgrim's Daughter, By Frank B. Stockton. Illustrated by A. J. Keller. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.60.

Kate Bonnet is a novel of love, incident, adventure and humor, and it has been called by those who have seen advance sheets the most delightful book which Mr. Stockton has given us. A new story by this author is an event in itself, and the event becomes peculiarly significant when we find in the new novel such a joyous mingling of Mr. Stockton's quaint humor and his command of unexpected incident as is presented in Kate Bonnet. The daughter of an upholding amateur, who turns to become a professional photo, overcomes Kate, beset with loves as well as perils, struggles to lead her father out of darkness and to redeem him from the wrath to come. Captain Bonnet and the agreeably loyal Scotch Presbyterian, who officially strives to save his soul, are emblematic of peculiarly distinctive individuality. The thrilling happenings of the romance, which he omits in his scenes bathed in other West Indian points and our southern seaboard, are accompanied by unexpected turns and the delightfully humorous situations, which Mr. Stockton alone can develop. Nothing so fresh, picturesque, and stirring has been presented for a long time, despite the multiplication of novels, and Kate Bonnet will become known to charm with the efforts of all readers of good fiction. Mr. Keller's appreciation of Mr. Stockton's new novel is shown in the charming quality of the full-page illustrations and the dainty head-pieces, which furnish an effective accompaniment to the sparkling flow of Mr. Stockton's story. It will be of interest to book buyers to know that Kate Bonnet is printed from a specially designed and peculiarly handsome page type, which is used in this book for the first time.

Country Life in America.

The January Country Life in America is a California number with superb pictures characteristic of this unique and beautiful magazine, and wholly devoted to the out-door world on the Pacific coast. The special cover shows big trees of the Sierras, and a magnificient frontispiece, the blossoming orchards at the foot of snow-capped mountains. The leading article, by L. H. Bailey, tells of the diversified beauties and peculiarities of the land that flows in winter and sleeps in summer, where thunder storms are not, and where the sun abides everlasting. Pictures are recalled by "The Herds of the Flying Linn," a poem by Josephine Miller; the treat of wonderful development is the theme of "Country Life in California," by A. J. Wells; and "The Story of a Great California Estate," by Charles Howard Shinn, naturally follows. Throughout, the abundant opportunities for illustrating California life have been well taken, but of particularly striking beauty are several series of photographs. Of these, "The Cypress of Monterey" show a picturesque feature of the Southern coast; the Yenom palms and Sisso monsters, the wild life in the Mojave desert; and the pictures and photographs furnish the color that gives California its status as a land of flowers. Then, in a practical way, a portion of the number is devoted to the making of homes and gardens, the culture and commercial breeding of fruit, and to many aspects of the soil. Certainly Country Life in America grows better with every number, and proves the glee that lies under the open skies lies upon Americans.

Name for an Empire.

Contending editorially on the article by Senator Beveridge, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, the December Review of Reviews says:

"Any American who wishes to understand what the Russians are doing in Manchuria, and to grasp the matter so firmly and understandingly that he can talk like a man and not read a series of papers from the pen of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, Mr. Beveridge's first article in this series appeared on November 16. The energetic and brilliant young statesman, who took his seat in the Senate two years ago with a remarkable knowledge of the Philippine situation based upon several months of travel and study on the ground, has now been spending the half year since Congress adjourned in revisiting the past, going this direct way of Europe, and crossing Siberia and Manchuria under circumstances which gave him no intimate acquaintance with the newest aspects of the expansion movements of the Russian empire. Hardly any other man in the public life has Mr. Beveridge's power of vivid statement."

Senator Beveridge's next article in this series, "A Diplomatic Game for an Empire," is an able chapter of international negotiations, and tells how Russia outwitted England, made all of France and took from Japan the fruits of her victory over China.

Love in Its Tenderness.

By J. R. Atken, No. 898, Appleton's Town and Country Library, 12 mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The impression made by this book, which marks the author's first appearance, is shown by the comparisons with Barrie and Jan Macfie made by English reviewers who have seen the advance sheets. A vivid imagination and a command of humor and of pathos are shown in these idyllic pictures of Scottish life, and the characters which appear throughout are constantly effective and delightful.

Mr. J. A. Althaefer's successful novel, The Wilderness Road, which pictures St. Clair's defeat and the victory of Wayne, whose success had so much to do with the winning of the old Northwest, has found appreciation in London, where an English edition is laboriously to be brought out. In addition to Mr. Althaefer's Wilderness Road, three other of D. Appleton & Co.'s recent American novels—Mr. Barr's Shocklett, Mrs. Peattie's Beagled Forest, and Mrs. Cruger's Mrs. Clyde—are on the point of publication by various London houses. This is not Mr. Althaefer's first appearance in England, since his Soldier of Manhattan also found an English publisher.

D. Appleton and Company announce another edition of 5,000 of David Harrington. This is the eighty-sixth time that the book has been in press, and makes 332,000 copies placed on the market.

CASTORIA.

Dear Dr. F. W. K. Davis,
Signature
of

Building the Biggest Ships.

The carrying capacity of each of these boats will equal that of half a dozen steamers of common size on the Pacific. Forty-five cargo which will feed the ship through twice as many berths as the "Galaxy" contain. Each boat can carry 400 head of cattle, 6,000 tons of coal and 8,000 tons of water. An extra engine can be installed ready to run out on any Oregon railway; 1,600 passengers can be accommodated—150 first class, 150 second class, 200 third class, and 1,000 steerage besides a crew of 200. The arrangement of classes will in a measure divide the American passengers from the Asiatics. Turned into an army transport each ship could carry ten full regiments and guns, from an 8-inch down. They will be 30 per cent. stronger than any boats now afloat, except as they are to be built everywhere since India block of steel. They are being built for stability rather than for speed, but their triple expansion engines, taking steam from water-tube boilers aggregating 12,000 horse power, will drive them through fog or fair weather at an average speed of fourteen knots. Any three of their four boiler rooms, each containing four boilers, will give adequate propelling power, so that the disabling of one or two will not in any way retard the ship's speed. The preparations that are being made to care for both passengers and freight are extended to the minutest details. All the staterooms of the boats will be on the outside, and will be perfectly ventilated. The air will be thoroughly cooled in summer and heated in winter. The furnishings of the parts of the boats occupied by the passengers will rank with those of the fast Atlantic liners. Sixty-five miles of electric wiring will furnish all the power used except that of the main engines, as well as the lighting. There are thirty-three miles of temporary wiring in the boats now. Being so much machinery will make it possible to deliver fruit in Japan or Hong Kong in the condition it was in when it was shipped.—Arthur Goodrich, in The World's Work.

The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel to Florida and the South.

The multitude of tourists who appreciate the term of luxury in railway travel decide to spend more to the Southern Railway system. Their line of operation is the great highway that leads by Washington, D. C., to and through the Southern States. Year by year they have adopted every improvement that could add in any way to the comfort of that army of visitors who make their winter home in the winter resort covered by its network of lines.

An example of the superb trains operated by the company is the "Southern's" Palm Limited, which runs between New York and St. Augustine every day, except Sunday, during the winter months. This magnificent train will be inaugurated January 14, 1892, leaving New York 1230 noon, the most luxurious in the world, runs through solid from New York to St. Augustine, excepting one drawing-room sleeping-car, which is detached at Blackville, S. C., and runs to Augusta, for the accommodation of travelers to this popular resort, and Alton, B. C. The train is composed of Pullman composite compartment cars, drawing-room sleeping-cars, library, observation and dining-cars. Two other fast day limited trains are operated, running through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars to New York, Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Tampa, Charleston, Augusta, Asheville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans, affording excellent service to Florida, Mexico and the Pacific Coast. Dining-car service on all through trains. The popular route to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Pullman sleeping-car, Washington, Philadelphia, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, New York to Thomasville, Ga., Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars, every Thursday, commencing January 16. For further information call or address New York Office, 271 and 185 Broadway, New York.

McKinley and the Actress.

I send a reminiscence of another day of William McKinley, which shows the gentle, considerate side of the man in the small things of life. I will tell it to him to-day to-morrow, I hope, that will be no sentiment of antagonism, and woman's equality with man will be universally approved and established throughout the world.—H. B. B.

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When I was playing Dame 드루 in The Brothers, we sang for three nights in Clinton to enormous houses, for the city was full to overflowing the tide of human immigration had turned either election was just over, and Major McKinley was our president-elect. One day I went to the hotel Clinton, one of the throng crowding constantly in that direction, to speak the congratulations we all felt. I had such a graceful reception, and it warmed one heart, the cordial things our president said about protection! He spoke of some of his favorites on the stage and his favorite phys., then he talked of our production, and he laughed heartily over a bunch of little blue roses, which he had turned down. In our open carriage he encountered a dinner three things my height, and he bellied at me. "Keep off the grass!" While in Clinton I changed my usual answer, or given in the lines, and said, "I don't see any grass. Oh, I suppose you think I am walking in Major McKinley's front yard!" Every night that brought down the house, for McKinley had turned down the major's front till not a speck of grass remained in it. The newspaper quoted the line, and you heard it round town. McKinley blushed heartily over it while we sat looking out on the beaten trail, then he said, "Well, I am not to blame for I am expecting men here right away to rest it."

"Don't!" I pleaded; "please don't, under my blue would fall perfectly but unless the lawn stays like this, please don't touch it until the Brownies leave town!" And if you will believe me, he didn't. He went right into the house to telephone to his garden yard remain untouched for a week!" Can't do what? I asked, looking in the situation. "Why, one of the chaps ordered me to weigh the major out! I can't tell him about it, don't even know where the scales are!"—Detroit Free Press.

The experiment of taking men from the interior states for service in the navy has in the main been a success.

"I sold a boat to the government last month. I am bound to pay him back in full in eight years, so I have been saving every dollar."

McKinley's wife, conspicuously followed by wealthy son of Parker, James, Weed and Bellocino, Lucia Phillips, Try one and be free from pain.

McKinley would open the door if it had no nerve to inhibit it to its wants,

Post-Patriot.

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HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL.**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

(Verry) Whipple, widow of Major Simon Whipple, aforesaid.

In the will of Capt. John Whipple, proved May 27, 1835, he says: "I having formerly given to my three sons Samuel, Eleazer and William, all my lands at Quogassuck, except 30 acres given to son John, at the North West end." See, (see page 222, Andover Gen. Hist.) "Quogassuck" is the region where Mrs. Abigail (Whipple) Cooke's farm is located and those next to hers.

Children of Capt. Benoni and Amye (Brown) Cooke, all born in Providence, R. I., were:

830. Isaac Brown Cooke, b. Nov. 23, 1800, died of consumption Aug. 10, 1830, married at Newport, R. I., Nov. 25, 1831, Abby Maria Hall; no issue. Abby died (2) in 1838 Truman Beckwith as his second wife, he having married first, Aug. 15, 1814, Alice Dexter Brown, sister of Amye, wife of Capt. Benoni Cooke. Alice was born in Providence Jan. 2, 1790, and died there Aug. 10, 1837. She had six children, namely: (a) Susan Truman Beckwith, b. June 18, 1816, m. John C. 1838, Rev. Arthur Savage Truth, son of Rev. Charles of Framingham, Mass.; (b) Amye Brown Beckwith, b. 1817, d. June 23, 1825.

(c) Henry Truman Beckwith, b. Dec. 28, 1818, d. April 7, 1883; first compiler and publisher of Brown's of Providence, R. I., in 1851; secretary of Rhode Island Historical Society, 1851 to 1861; treasurer of the Providence Athenaeum from 1850 to 1860; never married.

(d) Abby Greene Beckwith, b. Oct. 4, 1820.

(e) Amos Newell Beckwith, b. Dec. 1, 1822, m. Nov. 16, 1848, Clara, dau. of Warren Lippitt; died June 15, 1878, aged 51 years.

(f) Isaac Brown Beckwith, b. Jan. 7 and died Aug. 8, 1825.

Truman Beckwith, father of these children, was son of Rev. Ames and Susan (Truman) Beckwith of Lynde, Conn. Truman was born Oct. 16, 1788, and died Mar. 2, 1858, aged 91 years, 9 mos. and 17 days. Truman was a twin to Daniel Beckwith who died in 1851.

840. Rebecca Hill Cooke, b. Feb. 26, 1814, died in Walpole, Mass., of consumption, Feb. 5, 1835, which disease was a Brown inheritance. She married to Providence, R. I., Jan. 1, 1834, Hon. Francis William Bird of Walpole, Mass., and had one son who died in two years. He married second and was living in 1893.

841. Charles Dexter Cooke, b. Sept. 19, 1818, died in New York city June 23, 1889; married in Providence, R. I., Aug. 16, 1836, Mary Anna King, dau. of Gov. Samuel Ward King, son of William Borden King and Wetlham Walton, dau. of John and Meray Greene, Dr. John Lawrence Walton of Preston, Conn.; son of Josiah King and second wife Mary Borden, son of John King and second wife Elizabeth, son of Clement King and Elizabeth (Thomas Angel) King; and Elizabeth (Thomas Angel) King, constable of Marshfield, 1668. Clement was perhaps brother of Daniel King, Gent. of Lynn, Mass., son of Ralph King of Watford, Hertford Co., England. Mary Anna King's mother was Catherine Letitia Angel, dau. of Olney's Daniel Stephen, John, John, Thomas, Angel of Providence, R. I. Mary Anna King was born in Johnston, R. I., Mar. 1, 1816, d. in New York City Nov. 28, 1884, buried with her husband at Laurel Hill, Phila., Pa., in which they resided from 1849 to 1889, when they removed to New York city.

842. Elizabeth Sherman Cooke, b. Oct. 1, 1818, died in Savannah, Ga., April 7, 1837, of consumption, unmarried, to which place she had gone in search of health.

843. Martha Brown Cooke, b. Dec. 12, 1818, died of consumption, unmarried, Sept. 18, 1855.

844. Benoni Cooke, b. May 3, 1821, died while on a business trip in Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1884, of small pox contracted there by giving a street beggar a piece of silver who had just left the small pox hospital, unknown to Benoni. He was buried in Cincinnati Dec. 17, 1884.

Children of Capt. Benoni and Abigail (Whipple) Cooke were:

845. Sarah (Whipple) Cooke, b. Feb. 19, 1828, died in Smithfield, R. I., Feb. 17, 1883.

846. William Rodman Cooke, b. Smithfield, R. I., Nov. 30, 1833, married Almira Hopkins; was living in 1901; had children who died as infants. He was evidently named for William Rodman Walton, b. March 27, 1785, and d. Sept. 7, 1819, son of Phillip (Wanton) son of Philip and Hannah (Rodman) Wanton, son of Edward Wanton, the Quaker preacher and emigrant.

847. Edward Cooke, b. May 28, 1836, at Smithfield, R. I., on his mother's Whipple farm; died in Providence, R. I., Sept. 12, 1861, Mary (Eliza) (Whipple) Cooke, widow of Capt. John Whipple, Christopher Whipple, son of John Whipple and Anna, his second wife (his first wife having been Phebe Ballou), son of Job Whipple and Silence (Pray), dau. of Ephraim and Sarah Pray, son of Eleazer Whipple and Ales (Angel) dau. of Thomas Angel and Alice Ashton). Eleazer was third son of Capt. John Whipple and Sarah. Capt. John was first of Dorchester, Mass., came to Providence and bought land in 1659, Eleazer being the first one to live on farm owned by the second wife of Capt. Benoni Cooke, as Eleazer's grave stone and that of "Ales, his wife" are the two oldest stones in the old grave yard near that farm.

848. Abigail Whipple, who married Capt. Benoni Cooke, had a sister Ann who married her half cousin, James Whipple, son of Major Simon Whipple's half brother, son of Stephen Whipple and his first wife, Phoebe Ballou. Ann's daughter, Anne Whipple, who never married, had her portion of Major Simon Whipple's estate, inherited from her mother, and that estate joined that of her aunt, Abigail (Whipple) Cooke, aforesaid, and this very large farm was owned between the two. When Capt. Cooke went to live on Whipple farm with his Whipple wife he learned, to his annoyance, that the line of that farm, next Annie Whipple's farm, was very irregular, so Capt. Benoni bought enough land of Annie Whipple to make the line of his wife's farm straight, that, like his character, everything about him must be straight and must be done on the square, even to the lines of the farm on which he lived.

849. That the Verin lands had place near, or next to, those occupied by Capt. Cooke is probable, as in all that part of the country land was owned by those of the name of Whipple, and John Whipple, the eldest son, inherited the Verin farm. The next Whipple farm to Annie Whipple was owned by Mrs. James F. Simmons, born Sarah Gray, being her portion, and which she, as Mrs. Simmons, sold to the Lonsdale Company. Thus the three above-mentioned Whipple farms were all one farm and undivided until the death of Abigail

Whipple, widow of Major Simon Whipple, aforesaid.

It has been learned that Capt. Benoni Cooke by his father's second marriage to widow Sarah Gray thus had a step-sister, Eliza Grey, who married Robert Angel.

(To be continued.)

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